

RS#4 Trevor, Chris, Dennis, Annie, Robert

ACT TWO

*Dramatic house music plays.*

*The house lights fade; shouting is heard behind the tabs. Chris emerges from under the tabs. A spotlight comes up on him.*

CHRIS. Good evening again, ladies and gentlemen, I hope you have enjoyed the break, we will be resuming this evening's performance momentarily I am assured. I... I must say I'm delighted to see that so many of you have returned for the second act.

Obviously I would be lying if I said the first act went entirely as rehearsed, there were one or two minor snags, which you may or may not have picked up on. But they are snags that you would expect to see in any production. And this certainly hasn't been the worst first act Cornley Drama Society has seen by some stretch.

*Chris gives a hollow laugh.*

Just last year due to a casting error Cornley Drama Society had to present *Snow White and the Seven Tall Broad Gentlemen*. Anyway—

*Chris is interrupted by Trevor's voice over his radio.*

TREVOR. (Over radio.) ...No, it's going quite badly to be honest, buddy.

CHRIS. Before we begin again—

TREVOR. (Over radio.) Yeah, she's still unconscious and we still can't find the dog—

CHRIS. Trevor!

Before we resume the production, one word of health and safety administration: Could I please ask anyone who consumed any of the salted nuts available during the intermission to please seek medical help immediately.

And now I present to you the concluding act of *The Murder at Haversham Manor*.

*Chris exits s. r. Spotlight out. Music. The tabs fly out, revealing chaos as Annie, Max, Robert, Dennis, Jonathan and the stage*

Start

*crew all rehang the picture, voice pipe funnels, barometer, curtains, etc. They see the audience. Chris enters from the S. R. wing. He gestures offstage and the house tabs fly back in.*

*Beat. The house tabs fly back out, revealing Robert, Dennis, Chris and Annie in their positions from the end of Act One. Jonathan, Max and the stage crew have gone. All wall hangings are back in position. Beat.*

DENNIS. No one could—

*All wall hangings crash down to the floor. The cast clear everything into the wings.*

No one could have killed him, except for the people who are in this room.

CHRIS. Good God, you're right, it's one of us!

*All gasp.*

ANNIE. (*Reads from her script.*) This is a disaster.

ROBERT. And it's not over yet! Two murders on one night at Haversham Manor, what a grizzly evening.

ANNIE. Frightful, brother, frightful.

DENNIS. And look, Mr. Colleymoore, the snowstorm outside is building.

*Max appears in the window and throws snow out.*

ROBERT. If we're not careful we'll be snowed into this slaughterhouse. We must discover the guilty man.

CHRIS. Indeed. The gunshots were heard coming from the library. I shall investigate the room. All of you remain here.

*Chris exits through the downstairs door. As he opens it, Jonathan is revealed standing in the doorway ready to go on. He swiftly moves out of view.*

ROBERT. This whole business is a disgrace. Now let us remind ourselves of what we know.

DENNIS. We know that Charles Haversham was found murdered here, in his own private rooms, on the night of his engagement party.

ROBERT. We know that his fiancée was involved in an affair with his own brother, Cecil. How could my sister behave in such a way?

ANNIE. Not now, Thomas. We know that he too was murdered on the same eve, in cold blood.

DENNIS. The only thing we don't know is who the murderer is.

ANNIE. Oh, the tension in this house is...

*Annie trips up over the rug and drops her script on the floor. The pages of her script go everywhere. Annie tries to pick up the papers, but they are all out of order.*

Oh, the tension in this house is... Oh, the tension in thi... oh it... oh, it's tense.

ROBERT. Florence. How do you feel now?

ANNIE. (*Ad libs, brightly.*) I'm good.

ROBERT. That's dreadful.

ANNIE. (*Ad libs.*) Oh dreadful, yes, I want to die!

ROBERT. That's the spirit, Florence.

DENNIS. But now, Miss Colley Moore, I must ask you an important question. Where were you when the murder was committed?

*Dennis mimes the line to her. He points down and mimes drinking a cup of tea. Annie misinterprets.*

ANNIE. On the floor with a moustache.

ROBERT. That makes perfect sense. So was I.

*Annie reads off the wrong page of the script.*

ANNIE. Kiss me a thousand times, I'm yours!

ROBERT. Of course, Florence, that's what brothers are for.

DENNIS. This is a disaster! And already it's midnight.

*Trevor plays a loud clock chime twelve times.*

That was most—

*Trevor hits the chime again. He sees he has confused Dennis and stops.*

...that was most—

*Trevor hits the chime again and laughs to himself.*

TREVOR. (*To Dennis.*) Sorry, buddy, go on.

DENNIS. That w—

*Trevor hits the chime again. Chris opens the study door.*

CHRIS. *Trevor!*

*Chris closes the study door.*

End

~~DENNIS. That was most ominous. (Pronounced "omoo noose.")~~

~~ROBERT. Ominous indeed.~~

~~*Chris enters upstairs, holding a gun. He calls into the voice pipe.*~~

~~CHRIS. Study to lounge. Are you there, Colleymoore?~~

~~ROBERT. (Calling up to Chris.) Yes, Inspector.~~

~~CHRIS. Colleymoore, come up to the study quickly. I must speak with you.~~

~~ROBERT. At once, Inspector.~~

~~*Robert gets into the elevator carriage. We hear the elevator breaking. He falls out in a cloud of smoke.*~~

~~CHRIS. There you are, Colleymoore!~~

~~ROBERT. Yes, Inspector.~~

~~*Robert tries to climb up to the upper level.*~~

~~CHRIS. I must speak with you, Thomas.~~

~~ROBERT. Of course, Carter.~~

~~CHRIS. Are you sitting comfortably?~~

~~ROBERT. Most comfortably, Inspector.~~

~~*Dennis and Annie try to push Robert up.*~~

~~CHRIS. Before we speak, I must check no one else is in earshot.~~

~~ROBERT. No one else is here, Inspector.~~

~~CHRIS. Very well. Colleymoore, I have found the weapon that was used to kill Cecil Haversham.~~

~~*Robert manages to get up onto the upper level and takes the gun from Chris.*~~

~~ROBERT. Good Lord, where was it?~~

~~CHRIS. In the library, lying on the table. Muzzle warm and the barrel still smoking.~~

~~ROBERT. Someone killed Cecil with this?~~

~~CHRIS. Yes, less than half an hour ago.~~